the is like a maiden's in a raptured lover's beek can answer back with fire the sun's de-As she goes marching on.

erries in her hand a sword to smite the pri er's chain, shield to parry any blow of those who smite mbs are like some pillars tall that deck the

PRETTY MRS. OGILVIE.

or a moment with a sweet shy glance, he is simply bewitching; and I doubt church pays proper attention to the responses for ten minutes afterward. A new face is a great rarity with us, and such a new face one might not see more than once in a decade, so let us hope we highly.

me, the coils of golden hair, the complexion like the inside of a sea shell, the slender milk-white throat and the long dark eyelashes, which droop modestly over the glorious gray eyes, shall I own that I steal a glance of disapproval at the steal at the stea Mary Anne—my Mary Anne—the part-ter of my joys and sorrows for twenty rears and the mother of my six chil-ren? Mary Anne's figure is someof a shining spot on the top of my head, and of a little box I received from the of a shining spot on the top of my head, and of a little box I received from the dentist only a month ago, carefully secured from observation. But as we emerge from church I draw myself up and try to look my best as we pass the trailing native robes. Jack, one of our six, stumbles over the train, which gives me an opportunity of raising my hat and spologizing for the brat's awkward-ness, and I am rewarded with a sweet smile and an upward glance out of the great gray eyes which is simply intoxi-

"We must call on Mrs. Ogilvie at once," I observe to Mary Anne as we proceed across the fields on our homeward walk. "It is my duty as her landlord to find out if she is comfortable. She is a lady-like person," I continue, diplomatically forbearing to allude to the obvious beauty; "and I daresay, my dear, you will find her an agreeable neighbor."

eighbor."
"Lady-like!" cries my wife, with ring of indignation in her voice. "I don't call it lady-like to come to a quiet country church drassed as if she were going to a flower-show. Besides, she is painted. A color like that can't be natural. But you men are all alike—always taken with a little outside show and glitter."

and glitter."

"But, my dear," I remonstrate, "perhaps she did not know how very countrified and bucolic our congregation is. I really do think it will be very unneighborly if we don't call. It must be very dull for her to know no one." I ignore the remark about the paint, but in my heart I give the assertion an emphatic contradiction.

contradiction.

Mrs. Oglivie has rented a small cottage which I own in the west-country village in which I am the principal doctor. She is the wife of a naval officer who is away in our Flying Squadron, and has settled in our sleepy little hamlet to live quietly during his absence. All her references have been quite uncacceptionable, and, indeed, she is slightly have a to our Squipe as it also her she are known to our Squire, as is also her ab sent husband. "A splendid fellow he is," Mr. Dillon tells me; "stands six feet in his stockings, and is as handsome as Apollo; indeed, I don't believe that for good looks you could find such another than the standard of th

The following day Mary Anne, with but little persuasion, agrees to accompany me to the cottage to call on Mrs Ogilvie. The door is opened by a neat maid-servant. She is at home, and we are issued into the drawing-room, which we almost fail to recognize, so changed is it.

white dress, with here and there a knot of blue ribbon about it; and she has a bit of blue also in her golden hair. Her manner is as charming as her looks, and as she thanks my wife with pleasant, cordial words for being the first or her neighbors to take compassion on her loneliness, I can see that my Mary Anne,

I gave an internal groan. Heaven report she may not have transgressed. whose heart is as large as her figure, basely deserts the female faction and goes over to the enemy. Mrs. Ogilvie is very young, still quite a girl, though she has been married three years she

Eaton

Aemocrat.

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I suppose something of my astonishment expressed itself in my countenance, for she smiles, and says: "I am afraid you think me very vain; but I cannot help knowing that I am good looking, any more than I can help being aware that my eyes are gray, not black, and that my hair is golden. It is a gift from God, like my talent, a valuable one too I think it, and I own that I am proud of it for my dear Frank's sake, who admires it for my dear Frank's sake, who admires

and mard worked; but mary anxious and nard worked; but mary anxious and quite open admiration of her n beauty.

At first every one is astonished at this will not frighten herself into it," adds

band's sake than her own. "She evidently adores him," says Mary Anne;
"and he seems to think so much of her sweet looks. She says he fell in love with her at first sight, before he ever

But Mrs. Ogilvie has many more attractions than are to be found in her face. She is a highly-educated woman, a face. She is a highly-educated woman, a first rate musician, and a pleasant and intelligent companion, and more than all she has a sweet, loving disposition, a true heart at the core of all her little vanities. She is very good to the poor in our village, and often when I am on my rounds I meet her coming out of some cottage with an empty basket in her hand, which was full when she entered it.

acquisiti n, and every one hastens to call on her, and many are the dinners and croquet parties which are inaugurated in her honor. To the former she will not go; she does not wish to go out in the evening during her husband's and croquet parties which are inaugurcentrably she calls a bonnet, I know at
the how it will be. And of course
the other sex will range themselves on
a raide to a man; that is also beyond
testion. As she rises from her knees
that the little lavender-gloved
ands from her face and looks about her
a moment with a sweet shy glance. one of the croquet parties with her

> But when she does she eclipses every one else. She always dresses in the

She has been settled at the cottage rather more than two years and is be-ginning to count the weeks to her hus-

on the table!"

Mentally, I confessed that I should probably be poorly off without my Mary Anne; but it is a bad plan to encourage vanity in one's wife, so I say, "Oh, I should do very well by myself;" and with a parting nod betake myself to my daily duty." daily duty."

"In the village I meet Mrs. Ogilvie, basket in hand. She doesn't look well, and I say so.

"You have no business out in the

heat of the day," I tell her. "What will your husband say, if he does not find you looking your best when he comes back."

A shade comes over her face.

A shade comes over her face. "Ah! he would not be pleased," she says rather gravely: "he always likes to see me look my very best and prettiest."
"Well, then, as your doctor, I must forbid your doing any more cottage visiting just at present. You are not looking strong, and going into those close houses is not good for you. I will come and see you on my way back."
Which I do. I find there is nothing the matter with her; she is only a little languid.

"You had better send the children "You had better send the children away to-morrow morning, Mary Anne," I say as soon as I get in. "Mrs. Black is very ill, and I am afraid—I cannot quite tell yet, but I am afraid—she is going to have smallpox. Of course, I shall have her removed at once, if I am right; but it may prove not to be an isolated case, and it will be as well to get the children out of the way. I shall try and persuade every one in the

shall try and persuade every one in the village to be vaccinated to-morrow."
"You will be clever if you manage that," says my wife. "I am afraid some of the people are very prejudiced against it. You know when the childagainst it. You know when the children were revaccinated three years ago, you could not persuade any of the villagers, to be done at the same time."

On the following day we dispatch the children early to their aunt's, under the care of an old servant, and as soon as I have seen them off I go down to Mrs.

have seen them off I go down to Mrs.
Black's. To my consternation, I find
Mrs. Ogilvie just leaving the house.
"I have been disobedient, you see,"
she said gayly: "but I promised to
bring Mrs. Black something early this
morning; and she seemed so ill yesterday that I did not like to disappoint her.
But I am not going to transgress, orders

out the smallest embarrassment; "we are always called the 'handsome couple."

I suppose something of my astonish
"It is very good in you," she says in "It is very good in you," she says in her pretty gracious way as she bares her white arm. "I have never been vaccin-

ated since I was a baby, so I suppose it Frank's heart." will be desirable."

Desirable? I should think so, indeed! And I send up a prayer as I per-form the operation that I may not be too late. I am so busy for the next few cottage. One or two more cases of Pretty Mrs. Ogilvie. small-pox in the village, and I am anxious and hard worked; but Mary

Almost as I speak a message comes from Mrs. Ogilvie, who "wishes to see me professionally." My heart sinks as I seize my hat and follow the messenger; and with too good reason. I find her suffering from the first symptoms of small-pox; and in twenty-four hours it but in vain. She questions me closely, and when she discovers the truth, gives way to a burst of despair that is painful to witness. "I shall be marked; I shall be hideous!" she exclaims, sobbing bitterly. "Poor Frank-he will hate

vince her that in not one out of a hun-dred cases does the disease leave dread-ful traces behind it; she refuses to be consoled. And soon she is too ill to be reasoned with or indeed to know much of her own state. She is an orphan can send, so Mary Anne installs herself the invalid, my wife is in my eyes beautiful exceedingly; so does the shadow of a good deed cast a glory around the most homely countenance.

About six weeks ago Mr. Alford went up on Bald Mountain to look after

For some time Mrs. Ogilvie's life is in great danger; but her youth and good constitution prevail against the grim destroyer, and at length I am able to

pronounce all peril past. But alas, alas! all my hopes, all my care, all my poor skill have been in vain; and the beauty which we have all admired so much, and which has been so covers it in our sorrowful looks; and her horror, her agony, almost threaten to "I shall have to get a partner, my dear," I said to my wife as I prepare to go out. "If this goes on I shall have more to do than I can manage. There is a nasty fever about which I don't like the look of; and if we don't have a change for the better in this muggy weather, there is no saying what it may turn to?"

"I am glad all the boys are at school," observed Mary Anne, "and I think I will let the girls accept their aunt's invitation and go to her for a month."

"It would be a very good plan, and I should be glad if you would go, too. A little change would do you good."

"And, pray, who is to look after you?" asks my wife, reproachfully. "Who is to see that you take your meals properly, and don't rush off to see your patients, leaving your dinner untasted on the table!"

Mentally, I confessed that I should length his vessels arrive, and I receive a telegram telling me when we may expect him, and begging me to break the news gently te his wife. She receives it with a flood of bitter tears and sobs, crying out that he would hate and loathe her, and that she is about to lose all the happiness of her life. My wife weeps with her, and I am conscious of a choking sensation in my throat as we take leave of her half an hour before Mr. Ogilyie is expected, and pray God.

Mr. Ogilvie is expected, and pray God the to bless and sustain her.

We are sitting in rather melancholy

Ogilvie to come out and speak to me and you must steal upon her unawares."

Mrs. Ogilvie at first refuses to see or speak to me; but I go up to her door and am mean enough to remind her of my wife's devotion to her and to entreat her, for her sake, to come down to me.

bottom A slope of red clay on either side make it dangerous to examine the crevice, but with some difficulty a log was thrown across, and all peered into its depths. Blank darkness alone could be seen. There was a smell of dead leaves, but no scent of sulphur. The ground was humpy, and "Awlford's" cat-

and in a moment he has sprung forward, clasped her in his arms, and the poor scarred face is hidden on his true and

through that trial," she tells my wife, "I learned to know the true value of my

She simply worships her husband, and days that I am unable to go down to the times tempted to call her as of yore-

ity, as we afterwards discover—an intense and quite open admiration of her own beauty.

At first every one is astonished at this idiosyncrasy of hers, but in a little while we all come to laugh at it; there is something original and amusing about it; and in all other ways she is so charming.

My wife, with whom she speedily becomes intimate, tells me that she is sure she values her beauty more for her husband's sake than her own. "She evitain. The famed Chimney old Baldy, as it is called, and Vance's Nose flanks it on the west. All are rocks from three hundred to one tho has declared itself unequivocally and and and two hundred feet high. Chimthreatens to be a bad case. I try to ney mountain and Vance's Nose are keep the nature of her illness from her, but in vain. She questions me closely, its cliffs with arable land, reached by a ridge on the east. The most of this land is a cattle range owned by Mr. H. F. Alford. Although the highest and most celebrated, Bald Mountain is really most celebrated, Bald Mountain is really the most insignificant of the three peaks. Vance's Nose, though almost inaccessible, affords one of the finest views in the State, and a cascade nine hundred and fifty feet high pours over the face of the Chimney Mountain. The water is even more beautiful than the Bridal Veil of Yosemite. It hugs the smooth rock in an exquisite curve. the smooth rock in an exquisite curve. The falling water becomes milky foam, and the wind ruffles it into snowy windin the sick-room as head nurse; and as I see her bending lovingly over the poor, disfigured face and ministering with tender hands to the ceaseless wants of garee, sweeps between the peaks, and garee, sweeps between the peaks, and has cut a canon fully two thousand feet

up on Bald Mountain to look after missing cattle. While passing through the woods, he stepped upon a line of red earth, and felt himself sinking in the ground. He caught the limb of a tree, and was saved. The earth caved in, rerealing a crack varying from one to six feet in width, and about one hundred and fifty yards long. It was a fresh crack. Mr. Alford had passed the line repeatedly within a fortnight, and found the earth solid. The secret of the missing cattle was explained. Trees had disappeared and the ground crack gave a hollow sound. On his approaching the edge of the fissure, the prudent farmer did not attempt to ascer-tain its depth. He contented himself by building a fence on each side of the

crevice, for the protection of his cows.

The discovery, however, was quickly noised about. A party of moonshiners or illicit whisky distillers visited the fissure and tried to fathom it. Huge stones were rolled into it. Their crashing died away into muffled thunder and was finally lost. Thereupon the moon-shiners inferred that the crack was unfathomable. After a discussion over the strange noise that came from the bowels of the mountain four years ago, they were satisfied that the fissure was caused by an earthquake, and so de-clared. A day or two afterward two negroes and a Norfolk drummer climbed the mountain. They hunted for the crevice with great diligence, but the drummer lacked nerve. He mistook the fumes of an illicit still for sulphur, and beat a hasty retreat. It was reported that he had discovered an old crater and been nearly suffocated with brimstone. The moonshiners declared that they had felt the shock of an earthquake, and predicted the eruption of a volcane. The country is thinly settled, but the rumors reached Hendersonville and Asheville garnished in fine style, and were telegraphed to New York. They said that Bald Mountain had been split in twain, described the crashing of rocks,

fallen out. Mr. Brackett, who lives at the foot of the mountain, says he has repeatedly seen these slides. One occurred two weeks ago, causing a great crashing and roaring. Chimney Peak is gashed with fallen rocks. Arches a thousand feet long are left by them, and thousand feet long are left by them, and simple is evident. Such a horror as this sirable is evident. Such a horror as this sirable is evident. sees over to the enemy. Mrs. Ogilvie is revery young, still quite a girl, though she has been married three years she has been salt index of far thousand feet long are left by them, and traggy hips and shoulders project from the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of the mountain. Nor is this all. In two places a whole section of t

twelve to twenty feet across, funnel themselves within half a mile of Bald Mountain. Fence-rails are sucked into them and never reappear. Soundings have been made, but no bottom has been discovered. Probably the strongest proof of the water theory are the wind crevices of Chimney-peak. A huge rock elbows its way to the surface a few hundred feet above the base of the mountain. This rock is cracked in three mountain. This rock is cracked in three places. An icy wind rushes from two of these crevices. Mandrakes, ferns, shrubs and tops of trees six hundred yards away are shaken by this wind. Mr. Freeman, living in a house a mile distant, declares that his cheeks are fanned by this icy breeze while sitting in the archway of his log house. With all its strength the wind is steady, and the temperature the same both in winter and summer. The density of the cold air sends it down into the canon, making it a delicious retreat in dog days. The cracks are from twelve to fifteen inches wide, and about twenty feet long. A few feet of blasting would undoubtedly open a very large cave, possibly resembling the ice caves of Mexico. The wind comes so strong from the crevices that the hats of visitors are frequently sent spinning down the side of mently sent spinning down the side of the mountain, and the air is so cold that few breaths of it chilled me to the

the interior of the mountain. Far above them, at the base of the cliffs, lie the lozen in number. A steady stream of pats pour from their depths at twilight and circle around the mountain. The natives say that there are millions of them, but our party explored one of the caves and found very few. Although this cave led under a rocky tower apparently solid as iron, it was carpeted with angular boulders that had detached nemselves from the interior of the rocky tower. Frequently the passages were so narrow that we crawled through them like serpents. After going one hundred and fifty yards, the boulders were so large and packed so close, and our single candle so bad, that we turned

So much for Chimney Peak. The same features mark Bald Mountain. Caves are usually found in limestone limestone here. The water theory alone can account for the disturbances. Mr. McKimley, of the Charleston News, stumbled upon what he called volcanic cinders or scoria. In great glee he loaded his wagon with the treasure, but quickly threw it into the street when he found that he had been prospecting over the site of an ancient blacksmith found that he had been prospecting over the site of an ancient blacksmith shop. There are no signs of volcanic action in any of these mountains, but the North Carolinians are praying night

to purchase stesm fire engines, etc.

37. Beorganizing the Board of Aldermen in certain cities (Cincinnati).

38. Prohibiting the selling of pools or making of wagers on elections.

39. Providing for subdivisions of election districts in cities.

40. To recognize the Before School for Board of Public Works.

41. To recognize the Before School for Board of Public Works. and day for an eruption. They say that it wouldn't hurt anybody, and would be a great help to the State. The ex-

Grave Robbing.

| New York Tribune ! It is not often that the newspapers have to record a more painful story than that of the violation of the tomb of Hon. J. Scott Harrison, at North Bend, Mr. John Harrison, going with others to the Ohio Medical College, in Cincinnati, in quest of another body known to have in quest of another body known to have been stolen, actually found that of his father, naked, and dangling at the end of a rope! It had been buried with unusual precautions. Heavy stone slabs had been cemented over it. A special guard had been placed at the tomb. The shock to the son thus suddenly The shock to the son thus suddenly confronted by the corpse of his father, in such a place and after it had been subjected to such indignities, and in spite of all his pious care, must have been terrible. The whole narrative, in this matter-of-fact age, is like a chapter in "The Mysteries of Udolpho," or a scene in the dramas of John Webster. Such an incident encountered in a ro-Such an incident encountered in a ro-mance would now be regarded as a violation of the canons of good taste, and

we are stating in rather melancholy mod after dinner talking of the poor young husband and wife when Mi. Oglivie a nanounced, and I hasten to the door to meet him.

"She will not see me!" he says impetuously, coming in without any formal greeting. "She has abut herself into her room, and calls to me with hysterical tears that she is too dreadful to look to upon, that I shall cease to love her as soon as I shehold her, and that she carn that he is too for deadful to look to upon, that I shall cease to love her as soon as I shehold her, and that she carn that he is too for deadful to look to upon, that I shall cease to love her as soon as I shehold her, and that she carn that he is too dreadful to look to upon, that I shall cease to love her as soon as I shehold her, and that she carn that the six of the carn that the strong man falls into a chair with a sob.

"I is not so bad as that," I begin.

"I tie not so bad as that," I begin.

"I town tear how bad it is," he cries; when me whether she has lost her beauty or not."

Whereupon I extend my hand to him and shake his heartily; and I know my wife has great difficulty ir restraining I herself from enveloping him in her motherly arms and embracing him and shake his heartily; and carn the motherly arms and embracing him and shake his heartily; and a known into it, and all were setting of the consequences. The sanctity of the omb has always been admitted by all travard becomes horizontal and so mains. It daily becomes longer, but with my wife to come out and speak to me and the consequences. The sanctity of the omb has always been admitted by all travard becomes horizontal and so mains. I daily becomes horizontal and so me motherly arms and embracing him and the consequences. The sanctity of the omb has always been admitted by all the mother and the consequences. The sanctity of the omb has always been adm as a gratuitious outrage upon the sensi-bilities of the reader.

The indignant public will be likely to hold the managers of the Ohio Medical public would not permit schools of medicine to exist if robbery of the grave were the condition of their perpetuation. It, therefore, becomes those to whom their care is committed, to be cautious of the methods employed in supplying their dissecting-rooms with bodies. There are ways by which these may be degally obtained, and no others should in the least be countenanced by the fact ulties. They have no right to deal with suspicious persons. They can not transfer their responsibility to janitors. They chiefly will be held amenable by a sensitive public. Nothing but the utmost precaution on their part can prevent stringent and may be not over-wise legislation of a kind likely to put a stop to dissection altogether. Already in England there is a considerable party of section altogether. Already in England there is a considerable party of section may be imparted through the medium of models and diagrams.

There will be plenty of converts to this doctrine, some of them intelligent and some otherwise, after two or three more events like that at North Bend. That some different and stricter system is desirable is evident. Such a horror as this latest one ought to be next to impossible.

CAN a man swim in oil? This question was practically solved the other day by a workman employed in an oil manufactory of Nice, who fell into a tank of olive oil nine feet deep. He was an expert swimmer, but he went to the bottom like a plummet, and was only saved from drowning by the timely aid of a comrade. Oil is too light to swim in; it is not sufficiently buoyant, and does not offer the resistance necessary to keep a man affoat. treat her, for her saar, to me.

"Where is Frank?" she asks.

"I left him at home with Mary Anne," I reply, feeling that I am worthy of being a diplomatist at the Court of St. Petersburg, as she opens the door and descends the stairs. I take her out into the garden and begin to reprove her for her conduct, with assumed the for her conduct, with assumed the stairs. She listens with eyes blinded by tears. I, on the lookout for it, hear the latch of the garden gate click; but she rough fence.

It is evident that no earthquake has chairs to chain descends the stairs. It as how for the mountain declare that time. The spring has been exceedingly wet, and this undoubtedly accounts for the garden gate click; but she latch of the garden gate click; but she latch of the garden gate click; but she rough fence.

It is evident that no earthquake has chiefly will be held as chiefly will be held as chiefly will be held as chief

GENERAL LAWS.

certain cities (Cincinnati) to appoint the City
auditor.

11. Prescribing proceedings for making a township liable for medical service to paupers.

12. To provide for the better organization of corporations designated as the Widow's Home and Asylum for Aged and Indigent Women.

13. Authorizing the Commissioners of certain
counties to levy an additional poor tax.

14. To repeal the registration section of the law
for the registration of voters.

15. To reorganize the Ohio Penitentiary
16. Authorizing the Governor to appoint twentyone trustees of siny college, seminary or academy
incorporated under the laws of Ohio, for which
there shall be no provision of law for filling vacancies in the Board of Trustees. The bill specially
applies to Feverly College.

17. To provide for keeping in repair gravel and
macadamized and volunteer roads.

18. Requiring Towahio Trustees to errect mide.

48. Limiting the powers of Prosecuting Attorneys to enter selle proseque.

49. To amend Section 9 of the General Incorporation Act, excluding from its provisions "campmeeting, Sunday-school, temperance, religious and reformatory associations," and adding library associations, associations to protect birds and game, for protection of horses and other live stock, and prosecution of theft of the same, etc.

50. Limiting the aggregate compensation of Road Supervisors.

51. Prescribing the mode of control of joint subschool districts (Section 35 of School Law).

52. Authorizing vascation and repair of tumpike and plank roads which are suffered to be out of repair, and to establish them as county roads.

53. Authorizing certain cities of the first and second class to expend one-half the bridge tax raised by county levy.

54. Authorizing County Commissioners to buy the right to take toll on toll roads.

55. For the better regulation of fire insurance companies.

56. For the better regulation to be paid to companies.

territory.

18. To prevent fraud in the sale of fertilizers.
59. Changing the time for holding the Court of Common Pleas (second term) for Mercer and Van Wert Counties.

60. Prescribing proceedings for enlarging or im-

PARSON JASPER is right. The sun "do move." It has moved us to buy a patent awning and a double action fan.

—Breakfast Table, THERE is something inexpressi about the music of a church of while the collection is being take Hackensack Republican.

New Yorkers go a long find a man to be honored. bout to putup a mor

A SADDLE-HORSE in the habit of breaking his hitch-strap and running away should be called Timon, because Timor tied waits for no man.—Oil City Derrick THE inventor of the pl

BECAUSE a Pittaburg woman bought cream pie for her husband, instead of mutton pie, he attacked her with hatchet.—Ex. He was determined to have a chop in some shape.-

SINGING is reco

"I'LL tell you how it was," said Mr. Barelmeyer, dolefully. "When I went into partnership with that feller Skinnem I had the money, and he had the experience, but when we quit, he had the money and I had the experience."—Breakfast Table. grounds.

157 Prescribing minimum amount on which mutual insurance companies may be org urized.

158. Authorizing women to practice law. A MAN who was knocked down the

The Intelligent Compositor.

The night is waning, and the hush of

Enter the intelligent compositor.
"This Atchison item, what is this last

Intelligent compositor—"Bison."
Funny man—"Yes."
The intelligent compositor demands to be informed what it means, and the

pains-taking funny-man, with many tears, explains the joke, and with great

elaboration, shows forth how it is a play on "cold pisen."

"Oh, yes," says the intelligent com-positor, and retires. Set it up, "cold poison."

Tableau—Red fire and slow curtain.

sand, of which four thousand six hundred and fifty were purses, bracelets, watches, jewelry and gold and silver ob-

jects of various descriptions. The actual cash contained in the purses found amounted to \$14,715.80, to say

A MAN who was knocked down the other day by an omnibus, was saked if he was hurt, and replied, "No." "Well, I thought you must be," said his friend, dusting him carefully, "for you acted rather odd and confused." "Ah! I acted so because I was stage-struck."—Commercial Bulletin.

The night is waning, and the hush of inspiration makes the sanctum solemn. The news editor has just written himself a New York dispatch telling all about the sea serpent. The political editor is just closing a crusher full of blood and thunder, and winding up with a terrific exposure. The proof reader is opening a new case of pencils, for the purpose of marking all the errors in six lines of proof. The funny man, from the tearful expression of his sorrowful countenance, is known to be in the throes of a joke. The joke is born, and this is its name: mercial Bulletin.

When this happy-go-lucky old world is 123,000,000 years old, about twice a week the newspapers will chronicle the sorrows of another father and mother who locked their children in the house, and then went visiting, returning to find the house in ashes. And, by the 'way, the children also,—Hawkeye.

When you find a man who claws over all of the papers on the desk, looks all of the papers on the desk, is through the drawers, searches ex-pocket in his clothes, and explores last week, from eating diseased buffalo meat. A clear case of suicide—death

regions above his ears in search of his lead pencil, and finally finds it between his teeth, don't lend him money—he is absent-minded.—Keokuk Constitution. sent-minded.— Keokuk Constitution.

Just think!—Suppose, when once I view
The heaven I've tolled to vin,
A lot of unsaved sincers too,
Come walkin' grandly in!
An' acts to home, same as if they
Had read their title clear;
An' looks at me, as if to say—
"We're glad to see you here!"
As if to say, "While you have b'en
So fast to toe the mark,
We waited till it rained, an' then
Got tickets for the ark!"

Well Caricle

elaboration, shows forth how it is a play on "cold pisen."

"Oh, yes," says the intelligent compositor; and retires. Set it up, "cold poison."

Funny man groans, takes the proof, seeks the intelligent compositor and explains that he wishes not only to make a play on the word "pisen" but also on the word "bison."

"And what is that?" asked the intelligent compositor.

"And what is that?" asked the intelligent compositor.

The funny man patiently explains that it means "buffalo."

"Oh, yes!" shouts the intelligent compositor. "Now I understand."

Mortified funny man retires, and goes home in tranquil confidence and growing fame.

"Paper comes out in the morning; was old lady from the country, upon seeing a placard in a store-window announcing "one price for all," was mightly disappointed when she went in and discovered that instead of being able to buy all in the window for one dollar and a half, she must vay "one price" for one article. And now you cannot disabuse her mind of the idea that some storekeepers will lie.

To lend a man "a quarter" politely, requires considerable coolness and self-control. To be slow and ceremonious about it implies distrust; to slap down the coin with a "bang" indicates irritation, while to search all your pockets in succession conveys the impression that you will be left penniless by the transacsuccession conveys the impression that you will be left penniless by the transaction. A smiling, quiet promptness marks the gentleman in this crisis.—New York World.

Among the minor industries of the great cities that of picking up things in the street is not the least lucrative. Besides the rubbish, stumps of cigars, for instance, which are turned to account, articles of real value are dropped daily by their owners. In Paris the total number of articles found on the public highway and deposited by the Prefecture of Police during the year 1877 amounted to about sixteen thousand, of which four thousand six hun-A STAUNTON man writing home from York, Penn., says: "The customs of the people differ greatly from those of the people at home—nearly all the males, old and young, smoke and chew tobacco. They raise tobacco and manufacture a great many cigars. At their tables the people do not use much ceremony. Their hospitality is profuse. I have been in communities where they make more fuss over a herring than these people would over a roasted hog."—Richmond State.

"My son, you should rise with the sun," said the old gentleman, knocking at the door. "Governor," mumbled a youthful voice from under the bed clothes, "I fear you never studied the Copernican theory—the sun does not rise or otherwise move," "Well, it don't need books to tell me that is true of my son!" returned the blunt paternal, A STAUNTON man writing home from

nothing of the money value of the trinkets, watches and other articles. A very small proportion of this property is ever returned to its owners. The police of my sou!" returned the blunt paternal, turning away. And the young collegian concluded that possibly "the old man" was naturally just about as smart as his boy."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. newspapers, to publish the discovery of the lost articles, with but very little effect, and, after a certain time, most of them are handed over to the finders.

THE American paragrapher may be spoken of lightly by solemn and incompetent writers, but he has made a great many valuable discoveries. In the Philadelphia Bulletin he reveals the fact, never before observed, that even as long ago as the days of Solomon hand-organ music was held in contempt; because find it," says an exchange. "The owner certainly knows best whether he wants adelphia Bulletin he reveals the fact, never before observed, that even as long ago as the days of Solomon hand-organ music was held in contempt; because that excellent judge says, "The sound of the grinding is low."—Graphic.

certainly knows best whether he wants it open or shut." A Fort Wayne man failed to heed the advice and now he will have to guess at the taste of straw-berry shortcake for the next three years. He found a door closed one night, and opened it with a crowbar.